

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOLUME XIII.

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NEW SERIES.—NUMBER 285.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON.

Published Tuesdays and Fridays.

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When paid strictly in advance. If we have to wait any time, \$2.50 will be charged.

NO THANK YOU, TOM.

They met, when they were girl and boy,  
Going to school one day,  
And "won't you take my pen-top, dear?"  
Was all that he could say.  
She bit his little pin-point,  
Close to his side she came,  
She whispered, "No, no, thank you, Tom,"  
But took it all the same.

They met one day, the selfsame way,  
When ten swift years had flown;  
He said, "I've nothing but my heart,  
But that is yours alone."  
"And won't you take my heart?" he said,  
And called her by her name.  
She blushed and said, "No, thank you, Tom,"  
But took it all the same.

And twenty, thirty, forty years,  
Have brought them here and joy,  
She has the little pen-top still,  
He gave her when a boy.  
"I've had no wealth, sweet wife," says he,  
"I've never brought you loss."  
She whispers, "No, no, thank you, Tom,"  
You have loved me all the time.

—[Philadelphia Times.]

In this momentous Presidential canvass—the most critical, the most like a decisive turning point in our history of any since that which ended in the first election of Abraham Lincoln—the essential issues are very simple. They are: Shall the people rule, or shall they become permanently subject to groups of party traffickers and schemers? Can the people throw the domination that groups and cliques have strengthened by many years' possession of authority, and assert the real sovereignty of the masses, as provided for in the Constitution, or can the hordes of professional politicians, with the worst man of their kind at their head, defeat this well-defined popular endeavor, and so cloud at the polls both the issue and the result—so confound the popular intelligence with Blaine trickeries and Butler trickeries, and Tammany trickeries that out of a close vote the Presidency may be once more quietly stolen. In their interest. These are the issues which demand that the popular victory must, to be effective, be so overwhelming that there will be no room even to dispute the result.

A MOTHER HUBBARD WAS NEEDED.—The Kentucky says that the statement of Dr. Wm. Kenney, of this city, and Squire Joe Will Miller, of Millersburg, regarding Miss Stanwood's apparent condition when she took the stage to leave Millersburg, do not consist with the tombstone evidence that Stanwood Blaine was born June 18th, 1851. We feel constrained to say that it does. It was March '51 when Miss Stanwood left Millersburg, and it will be proven that she was married March 29th, in Pittsburg and gave birth to a son June 18, just two months and nineteen days after marriage. Being a tall, slender woman, we are inclined to join Squire Miller in saying that "a Mother Hubbard would have indeed been a blessing on that occasion."—[Bourbon News.]

KEEPING SHEEP.—There are few farms where it will not pay to keep at least a few sheep, and the smaller the flock, as a rule, the greater the proportion of profit realized therefrom. If it will pay to raise common sheep it will surely pay to raise thoroughbred ones, and what breed it will be best to have depends entirely on circumstances and surroundings, such as location, soil, nature of land, nearness to market, &c. When the land is rough and hilly, and where it is also comparatively cheap and distant from market, the famous Merino will be sure to do well, as they are hardy, vigorous, prolific and produce a good valuable fleece. Where heavy weights, both of carcass and fleece, is desirable we recommend the Cotswold, though they are not so sturdy as the Merino.—[New York Herald.]

Gov. Cleveland has never been advertised as a political Lulu Hurst, for his "magnetic" power, but he impresses every one who visits him as a man of great sincerity and strength of character—one to "lie to," as the saying is. The impression formed by John Boyle O'Reilly is a typical one. "I had never met Gov. Cleveland before," he said, "but I left him with the most thorough admiration for him. He is a sincere fair-minded, upright and courteous gentleman—fair in all his opinions and without prejudices." This is better than "magnetism."—[Boston Herald.]

—Robert Cook, of Vancuse, S. C., while drawing a ramrod from his gun, exploded the charge and the ramrod went through his heart.

CURE FOR PILES.

Piles are frequently preceded by a sense of weight in the back, loins and lower part of the abdomen, causing the patient to suppose he has some affection of the kidneys or neighboring organs. At times, symptoms of indigestion are present, as flatulency, looseness of the stomach, &c. A moisture, like perspiration, producing a very disagreeable itching, after getting warm, is a very common attendant. Blind, bleeding and itching Piles yield at once to the application of Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, which acts directly upon the parts affected, absorbing the Tumors, allaying the intense itching and afflicting a permanent cure. Price 50 cents. Address Dr. Bosanko Medicine Co., Piquette, Ohio. Sold by McRoberts & Stagg.

PAINT LICK, GARRARD COUNTY.

—Uncle Alvah Phillips says he is not only fond of Parsley, but he is a dear lover of Pork.

—Mr. Jones Adams, of Bryantville, spent a few days last week with his brother, Willis Adams, Sr.

—W. O. Cochran assisted by Rev. Bayne, of Louisville, and Rev. Presley, of Missouri, have been conducting a series of meetings at New Hope.

—Mason Phillips bought of John Anderson a pair of fine hounds for \$15. Mason thinks for scalps will be in demand and he is taking time by the forelock.

—The tin pan brigade treated the newly married couple to some of their nice music. They all enjoyed the evening except the young man that undertook to climb the bell pole. He says he has often heard that before one could join the Masons he had to climb a scapled pole, but the soap that he got into will forever put him against the Masons.

—The sale of Mrs. Mary A. Best came off Friday. There was a large crowd in attendance and everything sold at fair prices. Cattle from \$20 to \$35; 1 yoke oxen, \$102; 1 jack \$32; 1 milch cow \$25; 1 pig \$5; 50 head of shoats at \$1.45 per head; 1 cow and 17 pigs \$32; sheep \$2.00 per head; horses from \$10 to \$140; old corn \$3.20 per barrel. The farm was rented to Robt. Mason at \$1.10 per year.

HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—The infant child of Mr. M. Givens died on Thursday night of cholera infantum.

—The superintendent of common schools will not be in Stanford until further notice. Address for present, Hustonville.

—Mrs. John Sutton was severely injured by the upsetting of her buggy, the horse having taken fright at a passing train on the road near McKinney.

OVER PRODUCTION OF FLOUR.—Several well-known flour men have remarked lately that there was too much high grade flour on the market, and that in consequence low grades were bringing a much better price proportionally than extra fancy. A New York journal in its review of the flour trade last week, says on this subject: "New mills are being constructed in all grain producing countries, and old ones have been enlarged, so that the increased milling capacity of the world is in excess of its wants and some time must elapse before production will conform to actual requirements. Many millers will find it very unprofitable to continue the business, especially the old stone mills, and the sooner they adopt the new methods of milling the better it will be for them. Choice winter wheat straights have been sold at the price of a common article on the 9th inst., and much difficulty has been experienced in effecting sales even at the present low prices. Few winter patents are in very large supply and can not be sold on arrival at a reasonable price, hence the stock of new increases while that of old is gradually diminishing."—[N. Y. Price Current.]

The Maine election is claimed by the Blaine organs to be a complete vindication of the character of their candidate. Maine is a republican State naturally. The State has recently been "gerrymandered" in the interests of the republican party. The Kittery Navy Yard was loaded up with workers pledged to vote the republican ticket. There was open bribery and purchase of votes by the republicans. The democrats made no fight, while the republicans were abnormally active. Yet the total vote polled was one hundred and forty thousand as against one hundred and thirty eight thousand in 1882. How many of such "vindications" will be required to make Blaine an honest candidate?—[New York Herald.]

"It will always be Sunday there," is a popular hymn among church people of the lower level, the pathos of which is as exquisite as it is unintelligible to other social grades. Paradise to the worker means rest, a laying down of weary bones and muscles, a sweet do nothing; a luscious relief from pick, loam and plow; a great, long yearning for Sunday morning nap—no factory bell, no foundry whistle, no gong, no buzz of machinery, no hours of sweat and toil, mud and dirt. "It will always be Sunday there."—[Pittsburg Chronicle.]

The signal officer at Washington publishes the following: "The highest temperature of this year occurred on the 9th. Highest temperature during June, 95.7 degrees; on June 21; highest temperature during July, 96 degrees on July 21st; highest temperature during August 95 degrees, on August 20th. The highest temperature was Sept. 9th, 97 degrees. The highest temperature since observations were commenced, in November, 1870, was 101.3 degrees, Sept. 7, 1881.

Experience in irrigating the dry lands of California and Colorado proves that if water is abundantly used, the soil will grow better from year to year, and is for fruits and vines next to inexhaustible. There is hardly a limit to the quantity and value that can be raised from an acre of ground well watered. There are authentic reports of \$1,200 cleared in a year by one man's labor from four acres of land.

McROBERTS & STAGG,

The Druggists, who are always looking after the interest of their customers, have now secured the sale of Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup, a remedy that never fails to cure Colds, Pains in the Throat, and all Lung Affections. For proof, try a free sample bottle. Regular size 50 cents and \$1.00.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

At a called meeting of Crab Orchard Lodge A. Y. M., No. 432, held at their hall in Crab Orchard, Ky., on the 11th day of September, 1884, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS it has pleased the Grand Master of the universe to call finally from labor to refreshment our brother James McAllister, who departed this life on the 11th day of Sept. 1884, be it

Resolved, 1st. That in him Masonry has lost one of its brightest jewels, this lodge one of its most beloved and cherished members and the community one of its purest and best citizens. During a long life of unostentatious piety, usefulness and devotion to duty, it is believed that he never made an enemy. His name was a synonym for uprightness, honesty, benevolence and loyalty to every duty imposed on him either as a man or a Mason.

2d. That as an expression of universal grief caused by his death, the members of this lodge will wear the usual badge of mourning for the period of 30 days.

3rd. That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the lodge and be published in the INTERIOR JOURNAL and Danville Advertiser and a copy be furnished the family.

W. F. KENNEDY,  
C. A. REDD,  
W. O. HANFORD.

IN MEMORIAM.

The Christian, the husband, the friend, the neighbor, the citizen, James McAllister, is no more. This whole community is in mourning. Never since the days of the immortal Washington has any man been more universally respected and beloved by all who knew him. The deceased was born near Dallas, in Pulaski county, March 19, 1808 and was 76 years old. He married Kate Hays, a most exemplary lady, in 1839 and their whole married life was as one earthly paradise. The married state ever gets to be. For 44 years he was a bright and shining member of the Baptist church, whose regular attendance on divine service was so remarkable that it was commented on by all. His house was the very shrine of hospitality and the very center of generosity presided at his table, where abundance of his ample store, and the welcome guests were abundantly fed. I never saw a man who could make a guest feel more at home and more at ease and more like the luxuries of his table were all prepared especially for him. His Christian life was the most exemplary, his morals were the purest, his principles the noblest, and his piety on earth was the grandest that has ever been seen or known. No doubt he was met far down the lawn of paradise by myriads of angels to welcome him to his eternal home, and when he knocked at the portal of the New Jerusalem, heaven opened wide her ever-during gate, harmonious sound on golden hinges tuning.

A pure and holy spirit has been added to the heavenly host, but Crab Orchard has sustained a loss which can never be repaired. No man has ever departed this life, save my lamented father, whose dying agonies so wrung my heart with grief. Marrying my eldest sister before I was born, I always regarded him with a veneration of a father. Could the magic wand of medical science, the buckler of scientific skill, the shield of faith, the prayer of both saints and sinners and the breaking hearts of mourning friends and relatives saved the great old christian he would have yet been alive. But Providence knew the best, and we must bow in humble submission to His will. But we can not help but mourn for the loss of this good man, when

There lies one at that last thin,  
A mourner o'er his humble grave.

He grand christian life will remain for years a bright shining beacon light, animating and encouraging the earthly pilgrim on his way to the city of the great King.

Where stars powdered on high,  
Tumans would its light,  
Still traveling downward from the sky  
Shine on our mortal sight.  
So, when a good man dies,  
For years on earth we see,  
The good he loved but lost him here,  
Upon the path of men.

Amiable Christian: "Thy life, thy death, thy tears, shall be  
And the good that Christian glowing find  
A guide to his journey.  
But there are hearts that need for thee  
To see that thou art never dead,  
And the better hope of death's victory,  
Where no more is a guide left.

Also for those, but not for those  
They can not choose but weep the more  
Deep for the dead the grief must be  
Who ought have come to us before,  
God be good, Sept. 17, 1884.

A REMEDY FOR MOSQUITOES.—Some campers on Lake Winnebago got the mastery over the mosquitoes by burning camphor gum. After trying every other drug they had ever heard of they tried the camphor gum with gratifying success. "In two minutes," says the one who describes the scene, "the multitudes of hum had ceased; in five minutes not one of our winged persecutors remained within the walls of our tent. Then making everything comfortable and carefully covering our one window with a mosquito bar, we went to bed and slept the sleep of the just, with never a bite or a hum from our odious foe." This remedy was tried in New Jersey recently and did not work satisfactorily.

THIS IDEA OF GOING WEST

to Colorado or New Mexico, for pure air to relieve Consumption, is a mistake. Any reasonable man would use Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup for Consumption, as it is the best. It never fails to give relief in all cases of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pains in the Chest and all affections that are considered primary to Consumption. Price, 50 cents and \$1.00. Sold by McRoberts & Stagg.

Things New and Old.

[To the Editor of the Interior Journal.]  
It is with regret that I make the announcement that I am forced by lack of means to discontinue the publication of Things New and Old. Two numbers would have completed the volume. I did not make a cent on the publication, but on the other hand I lost a small sum, and I am left in a tightened condition thereby. But I complain not. My motive was pure, to which God is witness. I am not without proof that many of my readers were blessed by the truths presented through the grace of God. To him be all the glory. I only stated as best I could the truths which the Lord led me to see. I deserve no praise for that, and I ask none. If I had only known these truths thirty years ago! But I did not. I believe that the truths I have set forth will not be lost. The good seed will spring up under the will of God, and bear fruit. I have too much knowledge of the weakness of man to suppose that I have not erred in something. But I can say that I erred not knowingly. To me my work was of love; and I rejoice in having done it.

I lost my memorandum book, and could not mail the back numbers to some names which I obtained. Some of these names I have recovered. If I can find them out, they shall receive the ten numbers.

Lexington Sept. 8th. J. W. Cox.

Walnut Grove, in Walton county, Ga., is enjoying a remarkable sensation. Among the most respected residents of the place is Miss Laura Shelton, who has passed the meridian of youth, but yet remains an active participant in society events. About a week ago she had a dream. Before her eyes was spread the panorama of the surrounding country. A young man elegantly dressed and ornamented with a red necktie, stepped up to her, and told her to dig and the wealth would be hers. Just then she awoke and the young man was gone, but the memory of the dream troubled her so that she slept no more that night. Last Friday night the dream was repeated. So great an impression did it make that she arose and went to her bed no more. That night she again had the dream for the third time, which so impressed her that on the following morning she went out, and sure enough at the designed spot, about two feet under the ground, found a small tin box filled with gold coins. There are witnesses both to the finding and digging up of the box of gold. The whole community is excited over the finding of the treasure.

The cod liver oil business is flourishing at Marseille, and competition runs high. A repudiated advertisement of one of the manufacturers reads as follows: "The cod being one of the small fishes of the sea is constantly tracked and pursued by its enemies, the whales and sharks, &c., therefore it lives in a constant state of fear; and it is a well established fact that fear engenders in all living creatures jaundice and disease of the liver. But all my fish are caught in a safe harbor where marine monsters cannot enter. They live there in peace and comfort. Their livers are perfectly healthy, and that is the reason why my cod liver oil is the best."

The Republican Finance Committee that has been trying to squeeze "voluntary contributions" out of the pockets of the poor clerks in Washington, and that has appealed to the freedom of that city for money to be used in Kansas, Ohio and other distant States has now undertaken to convince the policemen of the District of Columbia that they owe a few dollars' pay to the republican party. The Superintendent of Police has called the attention of General Baum and Mr. Cripp to a paragraph in the police rules providing that no policeman shall be allowed to contribute money to any person or committee "for any political purpose whatever."—[New York Times.]

There are thousands of men in Kentucky who at heart feel a profound sympathy for "Little Phil." Thompson in his failure to receive at the hands of his people a vindication of the terrible step he took one year ago. But beyond and above this, there is a deeper rooted satisfaction in the knowledge that Kentucky is no longer willing to honor or be represented by men whose hands are stained with blood, be they ever so heroic, manly and true.—[Louisville Commercial.]

You Can Have It

"My dear, what would I give to have your hair?" is often said by middle aged ladies to young ones. Well, you may have just such hair. Parker's Hair Balsam will give it to you. It will stop your hair from falling off, restore the original color and make it long, thick, soft and glossy. You need not stand helplessly envying the girls. The Balsam is not oily, not a dye, but is an elegant dressing and is especially recommended for cleanliness and purity.

Positive Cure for Piles.

To the people of this county we would say that we have been given the agency of Dr. Marchal's Italian Pile Ointment—emphatically guaranteed to cure or money refunded—Internal, External, Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50 cents a box. No cure, no pay. Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers.

We emphatically guarantee Dr. Marchal's Cataplasma, a female remedy, to cure Female Diseases, such as Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and displacement or bearing down feeling, Irregularities, Barrenness, Change of Life, Leucorrhoea, besides many weaknesses springing from the above, like Headache, Bloating, Spinal Weakness, Sleeplessness, Nervous debility, Palpitation of the Heart, &c. For sale by druggists. Price \$1 and \$1.50 per bottle. Send to Dr. Marchal, Utica, N. Y., for pamphlet, free.

For sale by Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

NOTICE!

Any persons having claims against Roy Stewart's estate will please file them, as I am going to close up the business.

J. S. MURPHY, Executor.

FARM FOR SALE!

I offer for sale privately my farm, near the Hustonville & Coffey's Mill pike, 1 mile west of Mt. Vernon, Post-office, Lincoln county, containing 67½ Acres. There is a large barn on the place and the other improvements are fair. It is well watered and fenced. I have 5 acres in tobacco and 15 acres in corn, wheat and clover. Call on the farm or not, as the purchaser desires. Terms liberal. Call on or address D. W. DUNN, Mt. Vernon, Ky.

ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!

I will deliver ice to regular customers every morning at 10 o'clock.

ONE CENT PER POUND.

Accounts due at the close of each month or when customers quit.

R. E. BARROW.

New Store!

I have just opened on Depot street a full line of Staple and Fancy Groceries that I will sell low for cash or country produce. I am also agent for the Stanford Woolen Mills Yarns and Flannels, of which I always keep a full stock. Give me a call and save money.

P. I. MATTINGLY,

Stanford, Ky.

Stanford Female College.

STANFORD, KY.

With a Full Corps of Teachers,

This Institution will open its Fifteenth Session on the 1st Monday in September next.

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For full particulars, as to Board, &c., address

MR. S. C. TRUENERT, Principal, Stanford, Lincoln Co., Ky.

I have received and am still receiving New Goods for Fall and Winter, comprising the best in the market, which will be gotten up in style and make second to none in city or country. Give me a trial.

H. C. RUPLEY

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From Nervous, Chronic and Blood Diseases, Headache, Heart Affections, Weak Limbs, Nervous Debility, Broken Down Constitutions and Weakness of the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs, ask your Druggist for

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It will purify and enrich the BLOOD, regulate the LIVER and KIDNEYS, and restore the WEAK and SICKLY to Health and Vigor of Youth. In all those diseases requiring a certain and efficient Tonic, Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic is the only one that can be taken with safety and without any of the usual objections to Iron Medicines. It is a powerful and reliable remedy, and its use is recommended by the highest medical authorities. It is sold by all Druggists. Price \$1 and \$1.50 per bottle. Send to Dr. Harter, Utica, N. Y., for pamphlet, free.

For sale by Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC IS FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

W. H. H. THOMPSON,

of Laurel county, Ky., is a Candidate for State Superior of Taxes for the 11th Congressional District of Kentucky, November election, 1884.

HON. W. S. YOUNG.

We are authorized to announce the Hon. W. S. Young, of Laurel county, a Candidate to represent the 8th Congressional District, as a member of the State Board of Equalization, subject to the action of the Democratic party at the primary election to be held on the 6th day of September, 1884.

LANCASTER ADVERTISEMENTS.

B. F. WALTER

SURGEON DENTIST.

LANCASTER, KY.

Office over Citizens National Bank. Office hours from 8 to 12 A. M. and from 1 to 5 P. M.

L. F. HUBBLE. S. M. BURDETT.

HUBBLE & BURDETT,

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Will practice in Garrard and adjoining counties and Court of Appeals. Office in the Robinson block, South Side Public Square.

134-17

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Grocery.

Lancaster, Kentucky,

GEO. D. BURDETT

& CO..

HAVE

Lately been Making Extensive Additions

—To Their Stock of—

Furniture

And now have the Best Stock in Central Kentucky. They have Parlor and Bed Room Sets, Carpet, Cane and Penitentiary Chairs, Marble Top, Centre Stand & Extension Tables, Woven Wire, Cotton Top and Hair Mattresses, Folding Bed Lounges, Beds & Cots, Warerooms and Sofas, and Everything Else Kept in a First-class Furniture Store. Granulated Sugar Prices.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL!

STANFORD, KY.

I have rented the above centrally located Hotel, and will use every effort to give entire satisfaction to the public. Neat, cool rooms; excellent tables; cheap rates. Give us a call.

252-4m

J. B. CLARK.

Wool Carding & Spinning

We are running our mill for Carding and Spinning and doing good work. Wool can be sent by express to us and returned same way; pack grease necessary in bundles. Carding while rolls, 6 cts. a lb. and mixed, 10 cts. a lb. when ground in a finished. 2 cts. added when we furnish it. Send your wool and give us a trial.

C. W. WATSON & SON,

Mitchellburg, Ky.

270-4m

CARPENTER & CAMNITZ,

UNDERTAKERS.

MOKINNEY, - - - - - KY.

Are prepared to furnish Woodland Metallic Burial Cases, Hearse and Burial Robes of all kinds.

259-3m

OPERA HOUSE,

—STANFORD, KY.—

W. P. WALTON, - - Proprietor.

Size of Stage, 20x50. Eight complete sets of scenery. Seating capacity, including gallery, 600. Reasonable rates to good attractions. Address as above.

G. R. Waters

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Louisville, Ky., Cincinnati, O., and Indianapolis, Ind., Dealers in Sashways & Saws, Decker Bros', Haines', J. & C. Fisher, Yone & Sons', Baldwin & Co.'s Cottage, Upright and Square Piano Fortes, also the Estey, Shoninger and Hamilton Organs. Instruments sold at prices and terms to suit purchasers. Don't give your orders till you get our prices and terms. Post-office, Danville, Ky.

192-1

HALE'S WELL.

Having leased this desirable resort and thoroughly renovated it, I am now prepared to accommodate the public at the following rates:—

Board and lodging, per week.....\$ 7 00

Per day.....1 00



W. P. WALTON.

By a vote of 810 yeas to 87 nays, Tammany in its mass meeting Friday night resolved "That we, the democratic republican general committee of the city and county of New York, in Tammany Hall assembled, hereby ratify and endorse the nomination by the national democratic convention held in Chicago July 10 1884, for President, Grover Cleveland, of New York, for Vice President Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, and hereby pledge ourselves to the earnest and cordial support of the candidates so nominated." Grady made a red-hot speech denouncing Cleveland and declaring his allegiance to Butler, "the jurist, soldier, statesman and patriot." He had no use for a hangman and perhaps therein lies the whole secret of his opposition. No chief ever felt the halter draw with good opinion of the law, nor of the hangman either, and it is not to be supposed that Grady is an exception to the rule.

The republicans having charged that during the democratic administration of twenty-two years \$24,411,829.32 were stolen from the treasury, an investigation of the thefts since they came into power was made and shown by the official reports to Congress of the different secretaries of the treasury and solicitors of the treasury from 1861 to 1883, that during the twenty-three years of republican administration of the government the thefts of public money aggregated \$45,627,925.27, while from Washington's administration down to Buchanan, both inclusive, a period of seventy-two years, there was a loss of but \$24,411,829.32—an excess of \$21,065,795.95 stolen in twenty-three years of republican administration over seventy-two years of previous administration, covering every President from Washington to Buchanan, both inclusive.

After spending three days in trying to select a chairman for the convention at Schree City to nominate a successor to Jas. P. Clay in Congress, one was finally elected on the 750th ballot, Saturday afternoon, when Mr. Clay and Polk Lusk were put in nomination. On the first ballot each received 26 instructed votes and on each succeeding ballot the same to the tenth. With evidences of the dead lock continuing to the end of time at that rate, the convention adjourned without result and referred the matter back to the district committee, which will likely call for a primary election, which would have been the best plan in the first place.

TAMMANY issues an address almost as long as Blaine's letter of acceptance to prove that it has always been loyal to the democratic nominee, that it elected Tilden and did its best for Hancock and in fact that it is the source from which springs the most of democratic inspiration and democratic measures. If Tammany were so loyal and so good, no address would have been necessary, nor would it have wasted so long to do what it should the day after the nomination. The organization is a fraud and a menace to the party and we are glad that it has had to come to its senses without any promise or prospect of reward whatsoever.

The two convicts, whose sudden death at the water-work in Lexington created so much suspicion as to demand an investigation, appear from the most convincing evidence that was ever adduced, to have been tortured with a fiend-like almost incredible in this civilized age, and W. S. Comer and R. S. Perkins are likely to suffer the consequences of their dreadful murder. The men were beaten to death with clubs, simply because they were so sick as to be physically unable to work. If the half that is told is true, Comer and Perkins deserve death even in a more terrible manner than they inflicted it on their helpless prisoners.

MR. GEORGE JONES, who has been connected with the *Courier Journal* for a number of years, either in the capacity of telegraph or city editor, has been promoted to the managing editorship of that paper. He is a thorough newspaper man, with wide knowledge of State and national affairs and having by hard and patient work won his distinction, his many friends will rejoice that one good man has gotten his desert. Mr. George Burroughs, telegraph editor, succeeds Mr. Jones as city editor and Mr. G. E. Johnson, who has been railroad editor, succeeds Mr. Burroughs.

PHIL THOMPSON, defeated for renomination to Congress, did not "forget his manners," as the old fashioned darkey used to say, but sent a telegram of congratulation to Gov. McCree, his successful opponent. [Louisville Times.] That was very nice indeed. But what do you think of a man who would do that and then go to Washington and proclaim it from the house tops that it cost McCree \$100,000 to beat him? It would have been better for him to have forgotten his manners or showed more consistency.

If the district committee does its duty it will order an investigation of the means and methods used in the primary in Mercer, whereby the alleged democratic vote was increased to more than the combined vote in a contested election with the republicans. Meantime we advise those who have bet on the result as between Durham and Thompson to await the result of tomorrow's action.

THE Cincinnati Commercial Gazette pertinently asks "If it cost McCree \$40,000 to obtain a nomination for Congress how much did it cost Phil Thompson to get beat?" An Judge Durham was wont to say during the campaign, so say we: "Stand up my little man and answer."

THE Mountain Echo is either naturally stupid or a wilful perverter of facts. It says we denounced Phil Thompson for having received 1,700 votes in his county, when nothing could be further from the truth. We denounced the fraud and Mr. Thompson may have been a party to it, but we did not charge it nor did we even by implication denounce him. If it keeps on the Echo will find a mare's nest after while or it will use its fullest endeavors to construct one itself.

THE sterling intelligence is telegraphed from Washington that President Arthur had a tooth pulled. Presidents should be compelled to wear false teeth, then the country could not be shocked to its very centre, as it is at present.

## NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Sam Randall still insists that Cleveland will get the electoral vote of Pennsylvania.

—A Washington special says that President Arthur is opposed to the election of Blaine.

—The republicans of the 10th district of this State have nominated U. S. Marshal Auxier for Congress.

—Another railroad scandal is sprung on Blaine. This time it is from Virginia and involves a snug \$100,000.

—Robert Hoe, of the Hoe printing press manufacturing firm, died at his residence in Tarrytown, Pa., aged 70.

—B. F. Bristow, Hamilton Fish and Francis Walker have declared their intention of voting for Cleveland.

—A Cleveland, O., man found his wife in a bag and threw an ounce of vitrol in her face burning out her eyes.

—The "burker" Dan Johnson protested his innocence on the gallows at Cincinnati, but they broke his neck all the same.

—Miss Chesnut and niece, of Philadelphia, Tenn., were killed by eating apple butter that had stood in a brass kettle.

—The official returns make the majority of the democratic candidate for Governor of Arkansas at the last election 44,136.

—H. C. Payne, of the defunct firm of Payne & Viley, has been indicted for hypothecating warehouses' receipts for cotton not on hand.

—John T. Briggs, cashier of the Louisville & Nashville railroad at Evansville, has taken French leave, and the company is \$3,000 in cash.

—According to a republican authority a poll of the entire State of Indiana indicates that Blaine will have a majority about 2,000 greater than Garfield's in 1880.

—Republican estimates say that the Maine election cost them \$275,000 exclusive of the large sums contributed by Mr. Blaine and his neighbors and friends.

—The docket of the Madison circuit court, which began yesterday, has 513 cases of which 348 are criminal, five being for murder and 10 for malicious shooting and wounding.

—News from China is to the effect that a flood which lasted four days swept over a portion of the country, submerging it sixty feet. Whole towns were destroyed and 70,000 people drowned.

—Things are coming to a pretty pass in Kentucky when a man like Phil Thompson, who has killed his man, and otherwise fairly represented that commonwealth, is defeated for a seat in Congress by a person who never even went running for one of the best citizens. [Chicago News.]

—It is reported that the terrible cattle plague, pleuro-pneumonia, has appeared in a herd of Jerseys near Cynthia, Harrison county. Leading cattle men are giving it their attention, and will call a meeting of all the cattle interests of the State to take steps for stamping out the disease.

—Judge Bullitt assessed a fine of \$20 against Gen. Thos. H. Taylor for his verbal assault upon Mr. Eakins, the city editor of the *Times*. Blanton Taylor, the Chief's son, who assaulted Mr. Eakins on the street and got the worst of it, was fined \$25 therefor, and in addition gets a \$25 fine for carrying concealed a deadly weapon, and goes to jail for ten days. [Louisville Times.]

THE FINEST CHURCH IN AMERICA.—A Minneapolis artist, who has been doing Alaska during his summer vacation, says that all the members of his party, and there were seventy-five of them, agreed that the Greek church at Sitka is the finest church in America. It is built on the plan of a Greek cross and the interior is a mass of gold and silver, of the magnificence of which the writer says he can give no idea. The walls are hung with portraits of royalty and priesthood, sent by a Russian Prince, who took the temple under her patronage. Who would have thought of going to Alaska for an architectural masterpiece?

Small talking parrots are the favorite pet birds of young ladies this season, and the dealers are teaching them to say, "Kiss me, darling!" in a commercial way, which insures a rapid sale for them. A dealer made a mistake the other day and trotted out an old green parrot that was small and weak looking, but—O, my! When a young lady and her beau called, and the bird was solicited to say something sweet to the pretty lady, she rolled one eye knowingly and croaked out, "I ain't as d-d green as I look."

Georgia melon growers complain that transportation charges take off all the profits. The railways in Georgia itself have encouraged truckraising, providing special rolling stock for the transportation of fruit, and making their rates as low as possible. It is their northern and western connections, they complain that make transportation costly.

A republican exchange tries to excuse Miss Stanwood's appearance when she left Millersburg, by saying that she had "white swelling." From all we can learn, she did, and that in two months and nineteen days it fell into her arms.

## SWITZERLAND.

## AS SEEN BY GEO. O. BARNES

## "PRAISE THE LORD"

4 PARK TERRACE, HIGHGATE, LONDON, N.

N. July 26th 1884

Dear Interior: (Colloquial from last issue.)

LUCERNE.

Mons. Dufour had given us a letter to the proprietor of the Hotel Corbeau ("Raven" Hotel) and a runner from the establishment being at the station, we found our quarters easily. It was after dark when we arrived. Ushered into a clean bedroom, where two gentlemen were warmly discussing some disputed point in harshest German; the one with a bottle and the other with a glass of wine to fortify respective positions. We were soon enjoying our inevitable omelet and coffee at another and in due time clean and comfortable beds. Our bill the next morning being very moderate, and the breakfast as excellent as the supper, we can pronounce the Corbeau wholly recommendable. It has a pleasant outlook, too, over the deep, swift river, through which Lake Lucerne discharges its superfluous waters; and the boats drawn up in line, discharging all manner of marketable commodities to be vented from the booths and stalls that line the wharf, give vigorous life to the scene beneath the hotel windows. The rain was falling heavily when we were called to breakfast and we looked out upon a forest of umbrellas—almost hiding the street as the buyers and sellers pursued their opposite callings under the friendly covers of cambric and silk. We did not wait for it to clear up, but took boat at the adjacent wharf at 9 o'clock to make the circuit of the lake, trusting the LORD to give us a sight of everything worth looking at. And in the most wonderful way He did, when it seemed like a forlorn hope to expect it under the apparently impossible conditions. For over an hour we were confined below deck by the drenching rain, while we were passing some of the loveliest scenery—quite invisible through the driving storm. After awhile, however, it cleared off and then we had everything in its beauty on the lower lake, while the portions unseen in the morning were quite visible as we returned in the afternoon. We lost not a single point of interest. And what a romantic spot it is—so full of William Tell and Arnold Winkelreid and the earlier Swiss worthies that one does not stop to inquire how much is true and how much unreliable legend, but just yield to the "atmospheric pressure" and goes off into an intoxication of credulity, that, after all, is the chief charm of travel. Who wants to go anything about for evidences that grand old William Tell made his famous shot at the apple on his son's head? Why not let one's blood be stirred by "Make way for liberty," he cried, "Make way for liberty and death!"

And really believe that old Arnold Winkelreid swept 20 Austrian spears into his grand heart, rather than "consult the authorities" to find out, after all, that he did not do it. I haven't the least sympathy with these rough disturbances of my second boy dress and so when I saw "Tell's Chapel" on the spot where he sprang out of the boat, in the storm, leaving the odious Gessler and his minions to struggle as best they could with the wild waves, I looked it as the very spot; and saw my brave Tell springing up the craggy steep, till a projecting rock hid him from my sight and the hostile arrows of the boat's crew who were bending their cross bows to shoot him.

At Vitznau on our return trip we got to make the ascent of the famous Rigi Alpstock, and mountain ponies have given way before a modern railway, up whose craggy steep one bumps for 8 or 10 miles, after a "pull-pull" to make the journey that once taxed the muscles of the stoutest to accomplish. I vote for modern improvements every time. Ten francs for a return ticket to Vitznau is a wholesome change from the toil and trouble of the ancient method of ascent. The engine looks like the machine my dear friend Joe Kout used to run the threshing with; and with the same quick way of breathing. It drags one carriage only up a cogged track, with a very steep grade. It winds in and out the ravine with some frightful precipices to look down, as you ascend to the loftier altitudes, and a pace of about 8 miles an hour. You are glad to go slow, for it looks risky at any rate of speed.

The Hotel Rigi-Kulm, where we spent from Saturday evening to Monday morning, is almost on the very summit 75 yards' climb brings you to the top. Lucerne has these twin mountains, Rigi and Pilatus, like "granadier guards" towering on either side of her. Pilatus gets its name from Pontius Pilate, who was banished by the Roman Emperor, as history tells us, truly or falsely, and died wandering on this stormy mountain peak, legend adds. One may be as true as the other. Again I am not sifting evidences, but entering into the spirit of my surroundings. This same Pilate was born within 24 miles of Peterhead, Scotland, an antiquarian of that ilk stoutly affirms. I am not going to dispute it. History again tells us that his father was "proconsul" of that northern Scotch frontier during the Roman occupation and his influence at court secured young Pontius the office he held in Judea. Why not? It is far more credible than the story of Remus and Romulus that we all affect to swallow as truth on the authority of the historians.

Mount Pilate might well be haunted by a restless spirit to this day. Its head is hardly ever seen. The clouds veil it almost continuously; and up the steep sides the rifted fragments of mist are ever clanking, as though each were an unquiet spirit, seeking shelter in the gloom of the cloud-cave above. It is a dismal looking, scumby peak. We saw its tip only once, for a few minutes and we might have looked for

weeks and not seen it again. Scientists account for the cloudy phenomena by informing us how it is just in a position to gather all the passing winds to itself by the law of wind currents. Whether science or superstition is nearer the mark, I will not attempt to decide, though rather disposed under the shadows of Pilatus to lean towards the latter.

Rigi, on the contrary, is most frequently as clear as Pilatus is cloudy, and from its dizzy top the finest landscape I ever saw is visible almost any hour of the day. Fancy, but why should I attempt to describe the indescribable? I can only give a brief catalogue of the sights from Rigi's summit. Eight lakes, small and great, are visible. They seem only large ponds at such an altitude. The steamers are small black beetles crawling over the blue surfaces. Fields of grain and grass are squirms upon a checker-board. The winding river is a shining thread meandering through field and woodland. The forests are black patches on the landscape. Villages are children's toy houses. Men and women too little to be visible at all. Across the valley lies the great land-slide of 1808, that entombed a village—never dug out. The debris is forest covered in turn, trees of almost a century growing over the ruin; but the outlines as seen from Rigi, of the prodigious mass of earth and stones, is as sharply defined as when they fell; and the bare mountain side from which the earth avalanche slid is as bare as when the awful catastrophe uncovered it. Rossberg and its fearful fate is still a legendary terror of these mountain regions. The background of snow tipped higher mountain ranges furnishes the completing feature to all this grandeur of spectacular glory.

The effect is wondrously varied when one looks at the changing scene through colored glass. Handy, circular bits, with frame and handles are ranged around the little observatory on the tip-top of Rigi. Yellow, purple, red, green, blue and violet, each in turn gives a very different effect to the landscape.

Pedlars, male and female, swarm on the summit. They don't annoy you and their "cantions" are not very dear. They drive a brisk trade with the ever-arriving visitors.

The hotel was almost empty when we were there. The French cholera scare had turned the tide of tourists to Scotland and Norway and other places, far from the fatal epidemic. Thirty five sat down at our table *Chate*, where in a good season three or four hundred are constantly found.

Sunday morning was cloudy and the guests were not aroused, but Monday morning the Alpine horn rang out at 3:30 for those who wished to see the sunrise. The melody is most witching. I enjoyed it intensely, as I was not going to get up. It is the very poetry of musical sound and skillfully gotten up to produce the most delicious effects. Visitors are requested not to use the bed clothing as wraps, but the suggestion is said to be more of a provocative than a deterrent. "If I had been crawling up the tip-top hillside that cold morning, I should certainly have acted upon the notice in a way contrary to the wishes of the proprietors of the hotel. A thin summer vestment will not do for Rigi at 3:30 A. M. waiting for the sun to rise."

The bill is moderate. They have you but one chance to see Rigi and their purpose you shall remember them for life. But one begrudges nothing at Rigi. It is generally felt that whatever is charged, you more than get your money back. So we felt and stood up to the bill in spite of the notice that was almost a death warrant to our slender exchequer as those who "take their punishment like men."

Down the steep grade we sped at the extraordinary 8 knots an hour; in the carriage with only thick curtains to keep out the chill mountain air. Why they don't have a car that can be closed, if needed, I don't know. I only know I shivered in my thin clothing in a very agreeable way. But the deer LODD kept us from further harm in answer to distinct trust.

At Vitznau we again took boat, whose captain was the very image in face and figure of Moody, the evangelist. We mark these striking likenesses to home folks, as turning up with greater frequency than usual.

Another "round" and we turn our faces homeward. This time we journeyed from Lake Lucerne over two sides of a triangular railway connection to Lakes Thun and Bienn. These lovely little sheets of water are linked by five miles of river and midway on that stream lies Interlaken, its name telling its peculiar position. It is a favorite resort, as it lies near the foot of Jungfrau and charming excursions can be made from it in every direction. The sail down Lake Thun is delightful. Then a short run by rail and you get, at Interlaken, your first satisfactory view of a snow mountain; at which you look and look and never seem to grow tired of gazing at its masses of spotless purity. Description perfectly worthless.

Riez is a gem of a lake. It is a little fellow, not more than 6 or 8 miles long, but the grandeur of the mountains on both sides is beyond even Lucerne at its best, to my mind.

(Continued next issue.)

—An examination shows that the president and cashier of the National Bank of New Jersey were defaulters to the amount of \$220,000. The institution has \$48,000 left. It is not known how the latter sum escaped.

Don't Give Up Yet.

It doesn't follow that a patient will die because the doctors have "given him up," or that he will recover just because they promise to "pull him through." It is never too late to try the great virtues of Parker's Tonic. Mr. Mitchell (tailor, of Birmingham, N. Y., was cured of consumption by it after ten years of unrelenting suffering. Mr. B. W. Mosher, druggist, of Cambridge, certifies that he has sold over a thousand bottles of Parker's Tonic through its reputation for this and other cases.

## TATE &amp; PENNY

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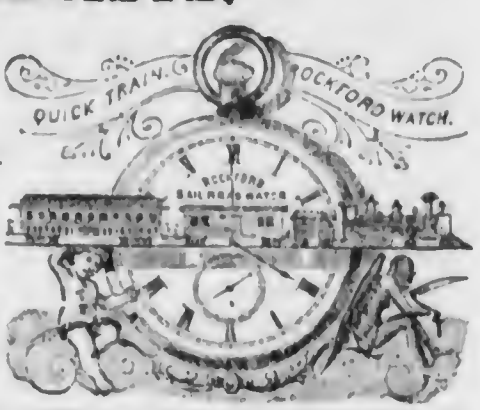
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The Largest Stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware.

Ever brought to this market at prices lower than the lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired on Short Notice and Warranted.



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Hardware, Horse Shoes, Groceries, Saddles, Iron, Nails, Queensware, Buggy Whips, Buggy Wheels, Stoves, Cane Mills, Harness, Spokes, Grates, Old Mills, Lap Covers, Blms, Stoneware, Corn Shellers, Collars.

Oliver Chilled, Champion Steel and Brinley Combined Plows, Wooden and Cast Pumps, and the Celebrated Mayfield Elevator. Tin Roofing and Gutting will have prompt attention.

Salem: J. A. McKim, J. A. Wright, Jr.

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Drugs, Chemicals, Wall Paper, Wines, Musical Instruments, Pooters, Stationery, Liquor, Cigars, Pocket Cutlery, Lumps, Soaps, Perfumery, Fire Arms, Machines.

Our Jewelry, Silverware and Optical Goods Department is in Charge of Col. Thos. Richards, who will Repair Watches and Clocks Promptly and in the best style.

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A Full and complete assortment of Furniture, embracing everything from the Cheapest to the Finest Parlor Suites. No need to go to the large cities to make your purchases, no matter what quantity or quality you want, as I can and will duplicate any prices you can obtain elsewhere, freight being added. Also a full assortment of Coffins, Cases, Shrouds and Robes, embracing all the New Styles, both cheap and expensive. Ware rooms opposite St. Asaph Hotel, Stanford, Ky.



## GEO. D. WEAREN,

COMMISSION MERCHANT AND MANUFACTURERS' AGENT.

A Large Stock of the following—SEASONABLE GOODS:

Baker Grain Drills, Buckeye Grain Drills, McSherry Grain Drills, Hoosier Grain Drills, Kalamazoo Harrows, Champion Sulky Plows, Champion Steel Beam Plows, Cider Mills, Cane Mills, Cane Mills, Evaporators, Feed Cutters, Buggies, Carriages, Surreys, Spring Wagons, Farm Wagons, &c. A few Moline and Furst and Bradley Sulky Plows at Less than Cost to close out.

## SOUTHERN EXPOSITION

LOUISVILLE, Opens August 16th. Closes October 25th, 1884. 15 ACRES UNDER ONE ROOF.

TWO CONCERTS EACH DAY By Cappa's and Gilmore's, the most famous bands of the world. Largest and Finest Display of Machinery in MOTION ever witnessed anywhere. LOWEST RAILWAY RATES EVER GIVEN IN THE STATE.

ART BUILDINGS, CONTAINING THE CHEAPEST PICTURES IN AMERICA. Ten weeks of Kentucky's great sculptor, Joel Hart, the best possible collection. One hundred counties in Kentucky will make exhibits, displaying products which will demonstrate this State's tremendous capacities and future greatness. An occasion for Kentucky pride and glory—KENTUCKY TRIUMPHANT.

AN IMMENSE LIVE STOCK EXHIBITION Presenting at one time in line over \$1,000,000 worth of horses, comprising all the sires that have made Kentucky famous. The exhibit will surpass in extent the Royal Stock Show in London, and even excelled, and a sight that can not be duplicated in the world.

BENNETT H. YOUNG, President. J. M. WRIGHT, General Manager.







## The Story of a Sculptor's Love.

Some forty years ago there resided in the city of Lexington, Kentucky, a young woman who had just stepped over the boundary line between girlhood and womanhood, named Mary Smithers. With a form more on the order of Venus than Juno—moulded with nature's perfect art, lithe and willowy, awaying with unassuming grace when in motion, a step light and free, hair fine as silk and resembling bleached gold, eyes blue as the sky of May and beaming innocence and trust, cheeks rounded and faintly tinged, "even as the Catherine pear, the side that next the sun," lips like a cleft rosebud, sweet, dewy and inviting kisses, a voice full of music and a laugh free from a pure virgin heart, that haunted one's ear as the echo haunts the belfry—a woman that stood apart from all other women by virtue of a beauty no other woman possessed.

Such was Mary Smithers when Joel Hart, a young stone mason of Clark county came trudging down to Lexington in search of knowledge of anatomy to assist him in the path he had chosen for himself in the walks of art. He lodged in the vicinity of the home of Mary Smithers, and at once was his artistic eye caught and held by her transcendent loveliness. But when he came to know her, and found that the lovely casket enshrined a soul as beautiful as its outward seeming, his heart followed his gaze, and both were concentrated on the fair Mary.

Joel Hart was not a handsome youth—far otherwise. In person he was rather tall and slender and altogether ungainly. Yet there was a sturdy manliness of expression on his countenance that made it attractive to those who could see beyond the surface. More beautiful eyes were never set in any human head. Within the figure of a peasant, and weighted down by scant education, dwelt and struggled the soul of a poet, while his brain was ever haunted with visions of the creation of a scarce a week ended genius.

Mary Smithers soon discovered her conquest of the uncouth country boy, and instead of playing off upon him the wiles of coquetry, leading him on by beck and call only to laugh him down the wind at the end, she studied him carefully—for she was a sensible woman, earnest as well as sensible. She readily discovered that in him which was yet obscured from all others. She sympathized with him, encouraged his dreams, strengthened his longings. Sympathy is close skin to love, and it was not long before she responded to his passion, and they became engaged, with the understanding that he was to board up his earnings as a stone-mason until he had accumulated a sum sufficient to take him to Italy, where he was to acquire the sculptor's art. When the time for parting came they kissed, wept in each other's arms, and separated never again to meet in life.

Not that she was fickle. No, no. But half the world divided them. It was dreary, up-hill work for the poor boy away off in that foreign land, without money or helping patron, compelled to live from hand to mouth for weary years as he struggled on from day to day and year to year, slowly but surely advancing upon the goal of his ambition, searing, O, how slowly, the realization of his lofty dreams.

The long years, the weary waiting, the hopelessness of the fruition of their love, cooled her affection and finally killed it. Before his first return to his native land she had been wedded twice and now resides with her last husband in Alabama. But his love for her never died in the heart of Joel Hart. He loved her to the end as he had loved her at the beginning. And when, an old man who had achieved for himself an undying fame, he came to put into marble form the work destined to be like his last and masterpiece, the features of the statue is the face of Mary Smithers as he saw it in the morning of his manhood, as it beamed upon him in constant memory every hour of every day for full forty years, as it haunted his dreams nightly throughout the length and breadth of his life.

Reader, would you see the manner of woman who thus enslaved and held captive for lifetime the heart of the greatest sculptor yet produced by the nineteenth century? Then visit the art gallery of the great Exposition at Louisville and look upon Joel T. Hart's incomparable work, "Woman Triumphant." There you will see the face and form of beautiful Mary Smithers. And, as you gaze, we know that the thought will come to you (as it did to us) as you feel your eyes upon the wonderful creation:

"Surely, this is the achievement of a love triumphant—triumphant over poverty, triumphant over care, triumphant over prejudice, triumphant over every obstacle but one—the beautiful woman who weaned of waiting."—[Wallace Gruelle.]

It is said that negroes hardly ever commit suicide. They may be hard up from the day of their birth to the day of their death, but they rarely become melancholy. Notwithstanding their complaints of hard times, the give-me-a-nickel expression on their faces and general hungry appearance, they hang on life with the tenacity of a mud-turtle. The do it not for hope of something better, but simply for the fun they will have.

"My dear, look down below," said a grand old man as he stood on the bridge with his wife and gazing at a tug hauling a long line of barges. "Such is life, the tug is like a man, working and toiling, while the barges like women, are—" "I know," interrupted Mrs. G., acridly; "the tug does all the blowing and the barges bear all the burden."

## Facts Soiled Down.

One year in seven can not write. There are 50,196 postoffices in the United States. Mail locks and keys cost \$25,000 a year. The pay-roll of the government amounts to \$20,609,836.95.

To improve our rivers and harbors this year costs \$12,086,200. In the 38 States there are 1,821,217 illiterate voters.

One-seventh of the population of Kentucky is colored.

It costs this year \$3,456,386.81 to take care of "Ls," the poor Indian.

It costs about \$425,000 annually to pay for the transportation of our foreign mails.

The postal service of the United States costs the government this year \$46,225,900.

There are eight Senators and 13 members of the House Kentuckians by birth.

There has been wasted on our invincible navy \$387,000,000 within the last eight years.

We have now less than 300,000 school teachers and an average of more than 60 pupils for each.

It is estimated that the wool clip of this year will amount to 300,000,000 pounds and be worth \$85,000,000.

Over nineteen-twentieths of the colored population of the United States is in the Southern States.

The United States has 143,140 miles of telegraph lines completed, while the whole world has only 550,000 miles.

Pennsylvania has more postoffices (3,846) than any other State in the Union; New York comes next, having 3,131.

James G. Fair is the wealthiest United States Senator. He is an Irishman and is said to be worth more than \$40,000,000.

The actual yearly expenditures of all money for public schools in the whole country is at this time just about \$50,000,000.

There are nine establishments in the United States producing 3,550 watches a day, one establishment alone turning out a watch a minute for ten hours each day.

The people of the United States are better housed, better fed, better clothed, better educated than any others on earth. We have fewer paupers, fewer criminals and a higher moral standard. We are richer in all that is desirable for man than any other nation on the face of the earth.

The costliest watch ever made in the city was completed yesterday. It was made for "Dr." Lightall, the quick representative himself as an "Indian Doctor" here some time ago, and it cost him \$2,000. The case is made of the finest gold, its weight being five and one-half ounces, while the movements weigh four more. The front of the case has a fine portrait of the "Doctor" in raised gold and surrounded by a circle of variegated colored gold. Outside of this is a row of blue-white diamonds of the first water, and it is these which make the watch so costly. The observer represents an Indian camp scene surrounded by a circle of variegated colored gold. The movement is a Perpetual chronograph, which cost \$300 to import. In an ordinary case the watch would have cost about \$400. Its entire weight is 110 pennyweights. The exact cost of the watch to the manufacturer was \$1,897.—[Courier-Journal.]

**CORAL FISHING.**—Coral fishing is largely followed in Algeria, 40,000 to 45,000 lbs. of coral, valued at about \$33,000, being the yearly production; La Calle is the centre of this industry and there are employed annually 160 boats and 1,300 men. The coral is obtained by means of a wooden apparatus in the shape of a cross, having in its centre a leaden slug or stone for ballast. Nets, the meshes of which are loose, are hung on the bars of the cross and dragged at the bottom of the sea and among the nooks and crevices of the rocks. These nets, winding about the coralline plant, break up or tear off its branches, which adhere to the meshes. The apparatus is drawn by the fisherman whenever he thinks it sufficiently laden. There is also a net which is provided with large iron nails, having thus great force to break the coral, but this apparatus is forbidden to be used.

**WEAR AND TEAR ON NECKTIES.**—The latest craze with the young women of the metropolis is the making of crazy patchwork out of bits of silk cut from the neckties of their male acquaintances. Bright-colored scarfs that lie around the neck prove the greatest temptations to the fair petticoats and they think nothing of begging just a little patch, when to grant the favor would be to shorten an already depleted scarf beyond all hope of its ever being used again. A badly mutilated tie is evidence of a large number of young lady acquaintances, and a flourishing piece of patchwork speaks well for the esteem in which its possessor is held.—[New York Sun.]

**A THOUSAND.**—Volumes are written in this country about the war of the French in Cochinchina. Yet it is a fact that the number of French civilians in Farther India does not exceed 1,000. The importance of this war, which has given jobs to 1,000 of our writers, unassured by any wise standard, is less than that of the strike of a fair-sized mill in Connecticut. The strike is left unnoted, while as much money is spent in printing nonsensical articles about the other as would pay its cost. The mistake of French colonial schemes is that half a dozen are sent out to protect each settlement. No wonder that the shrewd French peasantry kick at the bills.—[John Swinton's Paper.]

I've just found out why lightning never strikes twice in the same place," said Farmer Furrow to the deacon as they stood under a tree during a thunder storm. "Why is it?" asked the deacon. "Because, sir, the same place is never there after the lightning once hits it."

## How Pensions Are Paid.

The Washington correspondent of the Cleveland Leader tells how much care is exercised in granting a pension, as follows:

The pension must first be found to be all right by the appropriate evidence, which is compared with the muster rolls and the records in the war department. It goes through a number of hands, and if found all right a requisition is made upon the treasury for it. This requisition for its payment must go through thirteen bureaus before it can be paid. In the first place, you know, there must be a fund appropriated by Congress for the payment of the class to which it belongs and the appropriation must be available before the requisition will be made. Then it must be drawn up and signed by the commissioner of pensions. From him it goes to the secretary of the interior, who signs it and sends it to the comptroller of the treasury. The second comptroller signs it and sends it to the third auditor, who looks it over and passes it on to the warrant division. From here it goes to the register of the treasury, who in turn examines it and hands over to the division of accounts. If it passes here all right, it is then presented to the United States treasurer for his signature. Having been signed it goes back to the division of accounts to be registered, then to the register of the treasury for his signature, then to the division of accounts again for mailing to the depository of the pension agent, who is to pay the claim, and another note must be sent informing the agent that money is placed to his credit for payment. This is the *modus operandi* for every pension claim that is granted, whether it be for \$100 a week, as in the case of the wives of dead presidents, or \$1 a month for the end of a finger. It will be seen that through it, it is almost impossible for frauds to take place, as the books of all the thirteen bureaus tally, and an omission or a mistake in any would be at once noted in the others. It requires from ten to fifteen days to obtain the money on a claim, after it has been granted by the office.

"Ethelinda Jane," he said in deep passionate tones, "will you be mine?"

"If—if I thought you loved me," she faltered.

"Love you?" he exclaimed wildly. "I adore you. I would wander this wide world over for your sake."

"Then I will be yours," said the maiden; "but only one condition."

"What is the condition?" he said in a paroxysm of joy; "name it, name it, and if it was to snatch the burning sun from the cerulean firmament I would agree to it."

"It is not so difficult as that," she said calmly; "it is simply this—that you will solemnly swear you will never say after we are married that I can't cook as well as your mother."

The young man shook his head and departed very sorrowfully. The sacrifice was too great.

**A BRIEF INTERRUPTION OF BUSINESS.**—Scene—A Texas barber shop. Barber—"Next!" Customer—"I believe I'm next."

Other customer—"I believe I'm next." Customer (grabbing a razor)—"I'm next." A short but noisy interval, in which both customers are killed.

Barber (to quiet stranger in the corner)—"You're next, sir!"—[N. Y. Sun.]

Mrs. Garfield, the mother of the late president, can be seen almost any day walking about the grounds or sitting in her arm chair on the shaded veranda at Mentor. On Sunday she is frequently at church with other members of the family, and is able to take a seat in or alight from the family carriage with little assistance.

She has passed her eighty-third birthday and seems to be in the enjoyment of her usual good health.

Mineral wool is used for packing to deaden the sound between floors in buildings, and being incombustible it is now pretty generally used between the floors and ceilings in new houses. Mineral wool is obtained from the slag from blast furnaces and is produced by throwing a jet of steam against the stream of slag as it flows from the furnace.

Lightning struck the house of John Queen, of Jacob's Creek, Pa., knocked from the wall his loaded gun and at the same instant his daughter Nancy dropped dead. The gun was discharged and the contents struck her in the breast. Whether she met her death by the lightning or by the shot will never be known.

The wages of a gang of Italian laborers near Saratoga were recently cut down 10 cents a day. Instead of striking they cut an inch of their shovel blades at night. The boss asked what it meant and one of the men replied: "Not so much pay; not so much dirt left, all right; just last the more long; Italian no fool; he no strike."

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**A Lawyer's Opinion of Interest to All.** J. A. Tawney, Esq., a lead attorney of Winona Minn., writes: "After using it for more than three years, I take great pleasure in stating that I regard Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption as the best remedy in the world for Coughs and Colds. It has never failed to cure the most severe Colds I have had and invariably relieves the pain in the chest." Trial Bottles of this cure cure for all throat and Lung Diseases may be had free at Penny & McAllister's Drug Store. Large size \$1.

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—TIME TABLE—

**STATIONS.** Daily Daily

Lev. Louisville..... 7:45 a.m. 8:00 a.m.  
Arr. Green River..... 1:00 p.m. 1:15 p.m.  
Arr. Lafayette..... 2:05 p.m. 2:20 p.m.  
Arr. Chicago..... 3:15 p.m. 3:30 p.m.

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**South-Going.** No. 4. No. 6. No. 10. No. 12.

Lev. Lexington..... 8:10 a.m. 8:30 a.m. 8:50 a.m. 9:10 a.m.  
Arr. Louisville..... 9:25 a.m. 9:45 a.m. 10:05 a.m. 10:25 a.m.  
Arr. Paris..... 10:40 a.m. 11:00 a.m. 11:20 a.m. 11:40 a.m.  
Arr. Winchester..... 11:55 a.m. 12:15 p.m. 12:35 p.m. 12:55 p.m.

Lev. Winchester..... 1:10 p.m. 1:30 p.m. 1:50 p.m. 2:10 p.m.  
Arr. Lexington..... 2:25 p.m. 2:45 p.m. 3:05 p.m. 3:25 p.m.

Lev. Lexington..... 3:40 p.m. 4:00 p.m. 4:20 p.m. 4:40 p.m.  
Arr. Louisville..... 4:55 p.m. 5:15 p.m. 5:35 p.m. 5:55 p.m.  
Arr. Paris..... 6:10 p.m. 6:30 p.m. 6:50 p.m. 7:10 p.m.  
Arr. Winchester..... 7:25 p.m. 7:45 p.m. 8:05 p.m. 8:25 p.m.

Lev. Winchester..... 8:40 p.m. 9:00 p.m. 9:20 p.m. 9:40 p.m.  
Arr. Lexington..... 9:55 p.m. 10:15 p.m. 10:35 p.m. 10:55 p.m.

**North-Going.** No. 5. No. 7. No. 9. No. 11.

Lev. Lexington..... 8:10 a.m. 8:30 a.m. 8:50 a.m. 9:10 a.m.  
Arr. Louisville..... 9:25 a.m. 9:45 a.m. 10:05 a.m. 10:25 a.m.  
Arr. Paris..... 10:40 a.m. 11:00 a.m. 11:20 a.m. 11:40 a.m.  
Arr. Winchester..... 11:55 a.m. 12:15 p.m. 12:35 p.m. 12:55 p.m.

Lev. Winchester..... 1:10 p.m. 1:30 p.m. 1:50 p.m. 2:10 p.m.  
Arr. Lexington..... 2:25 p.m. 2:45 p.m. 3:05 p.m. 3:25 p.m.

Lev. Lexington..... 3:40 p.m. 4:00 p.m. 4:20 p.m. 4:40 p.m.  
Arr. Louisville..... 4:55 p.m. 5:15 p.m. 5:35 p.m. 5:55 p.m.  
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Arr. Winchester..... 7:25 p.m. 7:45 p.m. 8:05 p.m. 8:25 p.m.

Lev. Winchester..... 8:40 p.m. 9:00 p.m. 9:20 p.m. 9:40 p.m.  
Arr. Lexington..... 9:55 p.m. 10:15 p.m. 10:35 p.m. 10:55 p.m.

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